Away with him, I will not heare him speake.
And now towards Couentrie lets bend our course,
To meet with *Warwicke*, and his confederates.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Warwicke on the Walles.

War. Where is the post that came from valient *Oxford?*
How far hence is thy Lord, my honest fellowe?
Ox. Post. By this at *Daintrie*, marching hitherward.
War. Where is our brother *Montague?*
Where is the post that came from *Montague?*
Post. I left him at *Donsmore*, with his troopes.
War. Say *Sommersfield*, where is my loueing sonne?
And by thy guesse, how farre is *Clarence* hence?
Som. At *Southam* my Lord, I left him with his force,
And do expect him two howers hence.
War. Then Oxford is at hand, I heare his drum.

Enter Edward, and his power.

Glo. See Brother where the surly *Warwicke* mans the wall.
War. Oh vnbid spight: is spottfull *Edward* come?
Where slept our scoutes? or how are they seduc'd?
That we could haue no newes of their repaire?
Ed. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou be sorie for thy faultes,
And call *Edward* King, and he will pardon thee?
War. Nay rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe,
Confesse who set thee vp, and puld thee downe:
Call *Warwicke* patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of *Yorke*.
Glo. I had thought at least he would haue said the King,
Or did he make the least against his will?
War. T was *Warwicke*, gaue the kingdome to thy brother.
Ed. Why then tis mine, if but by *Warwickes* guift.
War. I but thou art no *Atlas* for so great a waight,
And weakling *Warwicke* takes his guift againe,
Henrie is my king: *Warwicke* his subiect.
Ed. I prethee gallant *Warwicke* tell me this,
What is the bodie, when the head is off?

Glo. Alas that *Warwicke* had no more foresight,
But while he sought to steale the single ten,
The king was finely fingred from the decke:
You left poore *Henrie* in the Bishops pallace,
And ten to one youle meet him in the Tower.
Ed. T is euen so, and yet you are ould *Warwicke* still,
War. O cheerfull collours: see where *Oxford* comes?

Enter Oxford with drum and souldiers, and all crie Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster. *Exeunt.*

Ed. The gates are open, see, they enter in,
Lets follow them, and bid them battaile in the streetes.
Glo. No, so some other might set vpon our backes,
Wee'l stay till all be entred, and then follow them.

Enter Sommerset with drum and souldiers.

Som. Sommerset, Sommerset, for *Lancaster.* *Exeunt.*
Glo. Two of thy name both Dukes of Sommerset,
Haue sould their liues vnto the house of Yorke,
And thou shalt be the third, and my sword hold.

Enter Montague, with drum and souldiers,

Mon. Montague, Montague, for *Lancaster.* *Exeunt.*
Ed. Traiterous *Montague*, thou and thy brother,
Shall deerlie abie this rebellious acte.

Enter Clarence, with drum and souldiers,

War. And loe where *George of Clarence*, sweepes along,
Of power enough to bid his brother battaile.
Cla. Clarence, Clarence, for *Lancaster.* *Exeunt.*
Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab *Cæsar* too?
A parlie sirrah to *George of Clarence.*
Sound a Parlie, and Richard and Clarence whispers together, and then Clarence takes his red Rose out of his Hat and throwes it at Warwicke.
War. Come *Clarence*, come, thou wilt if *Warwicke* call.
Cla. Father of *Warwicke*, know you what this meanes?
I throw mine infamie at thee,